The Liberalist

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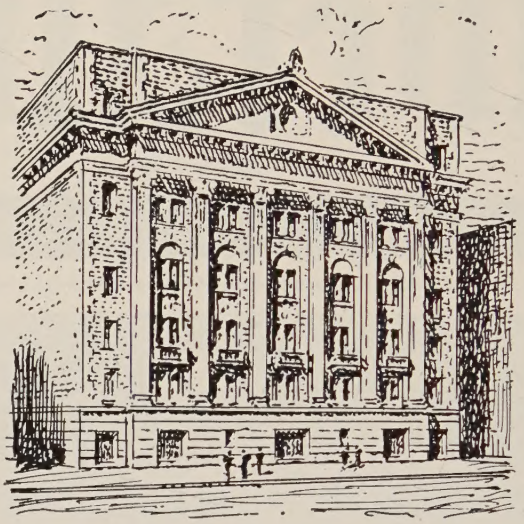
EVERY CHILD

Every child should know a hill,
And the clean joy of running down its long slope
With the wind in his hair.
He should know a tree—
The comfort of its cool lap of shade,
And the supple strength of its arms
Balancing him between earth and sky
So he is the creature of both.
He should know bits of singing water—
The strange mysteries of its depths,
And the long sweet grasses that border it.
Every child should know some scrap
Of uninterrupted sky, to shout against;
And have one star, dependable and bright,
For wishing on.

Edna Casler Joll

(From One Thousand Beautiful Things—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MY September article closed with our arrival in Copenhagen, Denmark, where Pastor Kierkegaard met us and escorted us to the fine old historic and comfortable Hotel d'Angleterre. As I stepped off the elevator one afternoon I ran into my old friend, Judge Jacob Braude, Mrs. Braude and their two charming daughters. They had just arrived by air from Paris. We had many interesting conversations — talking about Europe, our impressions, and about our Chicago, as well. It was most pleasant to meet them as they have been one of my favorite families for a long time. The contribution which Judge Braude has made to the life of our city is well known. I consider him one of our most valuable citizens. They were going on to Stockholm before returning to Chicago.

We made a tour late one evening of the more seamy side of the city. Extending along one of the canals is a row of the most disreputable dives I have ever seen. These are located in what is called Nyhavn. We walked through the district famed throughout Europe for its degradation. I was interested in the comments of the Judge, for his experience on a Chicago bench gave him an understanding of the situation which I do not have. One comment he made rather surprised me. He said: "In other days I have seen worse conditions in Chicago." One can no more judge the beautiful city of Copenhagen by this street than one can judge Chicago by West Madison Street. Copenhagen is a large seaport. People of every degree of morality and race visit it. The contrasts are great. The same city which has this tragic blight also has the Thorvaldsen Museum!

My Copenhagen days will always remain with me as one of the most delightful of all my European experiences. Twice I visited the world famous Tivoli Gardens. I was invited by the active and influential Lions Club of Copenhagen to address their meeting which was held in one of Tivoli's most famous restaurants. Mr. Vlademar Lebech, one of the city's best known businessmen and President of the Club, spent one whole day taking me about the city and environs in his car. We visited Frederiksborg Castle, a Renaissance structure and now a national museum containing sculpture and art treasures. The Royal Chapel and the Knights' Hall were especially interesting. We also visited Fredensborg Palace, where the present much loved Royal Family spends part of the summer season. The palace is famous for its attractive grounds. I was especially interested in Kronberg Castle. Shakespeare made this the setting for his great play, "Hamlet." In one of the dungeons sleeps the mythical Holger Dane. According to legend he will awake when his country is in peril. The castle is one of the most beautiful and best preserved castles from the time of the Renaissance in northern Europe. To find the beginning of the best known play in the world we must go back to the end of the 12th Century. At that time lived the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, and he tells us the legend of Prince Amleth, son of a king, who lived in Jutland. Shakespeare reproduced the fate of the Danish Prince and connected it with the Castle of

Kronberg and thereby secured Hamlet an everlasting fame. Whether Shakespeare ever was at Elsinore is not known, but we know that some of his friends have visited the town. English instrumentalists often accompanied the embassies exchanged with England and Scotland, to entertain royalty.

In the winter of 1585-86 the Danish Court was at Kronberg. A troupe of English actors arrived in June, 1585, and stayed at Elsinore for three months. Among these were two of Shakespeare's companions, George Bryan and Thomas Pope. In 1816 the tragedy of "Hamlet" was performed in Kronberg. In 1916 actors from the Royal Theatre performed the tragedy. From the year 1937 there have been performances of "Hamlet" in the courtyard almost every year. Famous actors from different nations of the world have performed in the Castle:- Sir Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Hans Jacob Nilsen (Norway, Gustav Grundgens (Germany), Erik Lindstrom (Finland), Robert Breen (U.S.A.), Michael Redgrave (Britain), Ingemar Pallin (Sweden, Richard Burton (Britain) and Michael MacLiammoir (Ireland) have all performed "Hamlet" in this historic spot. Some day I hope to see the play "Hamlet" in the courtyard of Kronberg Castle. I can think of no more favorable place for the performing of the greatest drama ever written — except the drama of Job!

Mr. Lebech also took us to the famous Royal Deer Park—a most unusual natural woodland where Copenhageners go for recreation. There we saw hundreds of deer, roaming wild. They reminded me of our own deer which we so often see along the lake shore and in the woods of Lake Vermilion. I saw two come down to drink just at dusk last night. I never shot a deer and I never will! How anyone can derive any pleasure from shooting deer I have never been able to see, yet many of my best friends in the field of conservation are deer hunters—and they are fine men, too. But it is simply not for me.

We visited the famous National Museum containing one of the most famous archeological and ethnological collections in the world. Pastor Kierkegaard was our guide. I was amazed at his familiarity with the Museum and its contents. Interesting coffins with remains from the Bronze Age, ancient Lur horns, ornaments in gold and amber—there were many utensils which our ancestors of long ago used daily.

Copenhagen is a city of statuary, all of it artistic and appropriately placed. There are no ugly monuments and no artistic monstrosities. The people would not tolerate an inartistic violation. Copenhagen is one of the most artistic cities in the world. A summer would be too short to see all of its charm and beauty. I can understand now why so many of my Danish friends in Chicago sustain a love for Denmark, no matter how long ago they left their beloved homeland. To see Denmark is to fall permanently in love with her. There is an obvious reason why the Scandinavian people, more than others, return again and again to the homelands. When you know Norway, Sweden and Denmark you easily understand the reason.

The most inspiring experience of the many which I had in Copenhagen was to visit again Thorvaldsen's Museum. Here are found only the works of the great and prolific sculptor. Perhaps you have seen his "Lion of Lucerne" in Switzerland. To me he was one of the greatest sculptors of all time. I am building a lecture on "The Spiritual Beauty of Thorvaldsen's Genius." In the yard, surrounded by the four walls of the Museum, is his grave. It has

no marker—over it is no roof. His monument is all around him. There are no works of art in the Museum except his own. It was one of my most inspiring experiences to visit the Museum.

I could go on and on with my reactions to Copenhagen. The city has captured my heart and I hope to return again and again. Pastor Kierkegaard has invited me back for next summer. I hope it will be possible for me to return. June would love it as much as I, and I am anxious for her to have a Scandinavian summer. I can think of nothing more inspiring than to divide a summer between Britain, Scandinavia and my beloved Ireland.

* * *

Preaching for Pastor Kierkegaard in the Free Christian Church of Copenhagen, I had the unique and difficult experience of preaching with an interpreter. The church is a beautiful building inside and out. It is located right next to our United States Embassey. The interior is designed for creating a worshipful atmosphere and it succeeds. An attractive pulpit in the center of the rostrum gives the preacher a clear view of every person in the congregation. The choir is located in a gallery at the rear of the sanctuary. The service is simple and impressive and in its order is quite similar to our own. There is no litany, there are no vestments and no ecclesiastical efforts.

Pastor Kierkegaard opened the service with a beautiful opening sentence, the hymn, a reading, the sermon, another hymn and benediction. My interpreter is an old friend of Chicago's for he studied for the ministry in Chicago. He returned to Denmark and became interested in education and active in the Free Christian Church. He is now the head of the largest correspondence school in Scandinavia. We had dinner in his lovely home, in the rear of which is a spacious garden. He is a man of great culture, erudition and a true religious liberal. I enjoyed meeting him and hope our friendship will deepen as the years pass. His name is J. Saxe. As I arose to preach in the service I was somewhat concerned about how my message would be conveyed to those who did not understand English. My doubts were soon removed. I would speak for two or three minutes and then Professor Saxe, who stood beside me, would put into Danish what I had said in English. I was convinced by the congregation's reactions that more people understood English in the congregation than we anticipated. Yet many understand Danish only and an interpreter was necessary. Preaching, as I do, without manuscript, I had a difficult time maintaining continuity of thought. After the service I talked to several Americans who were present. One of them made an appropriate remark, I thought, when he said: "We heard not one, but several sermons this morning." Every time I stopped for the interpreter and started in again the tendency was to introduce a new thought. I think that is what was meant by "several sermons." I have had some experience in speaking through an interpreter, particularly at the Albert Schweitzer College in Switzerland; but the able and scholarly Prof. Saxe is the best I have ever known. I spoke on "The Basis of Spiritual Unity." After the service a fine doctor and his wife—he is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Storbeck, of our church, came up and presented me with a message from the Storbecks. It was good to hear from the Church from our devoted members. The doctor is returning to Chicago this fall to be-

come head of the radiology department of the Presbyterian Hispital. I hope to see them in our home church often this winter.

Many in the congregation greeted me after the service with words of appreciation. It was a deep experience for me. How I wish I could have Pastor Kierkegaard in our pulpit some Sunday. I am trying to persuade both him and his fine wife to come to Chicago for the 1958 meeting of the International Congress, which is to be held in Chicago the summer of 1958. He would need no interpreter in our pulpit for his English is easily understood. Pastor Kierkegaard is a poet as well as a minister. I am going to read in our pulpit and publish in our "Liberalist" some of his poems which have been printed in English.

My Copenhagen experiences—the hospitality, the reception, the beauty of the city, with its art and culture, the new friends I have made—all result in a deep inner desire to return some day.

* * *

The journey from Copenhagen to London was interesting every mile of the way. We left Copenhagen in early morning and arrived in London the next forenoon—passing across Germany and Holland to the Hook of Holland, where the ship sailed to Harwich, England. It was interesting to see Hamburg and Rotterdam again. I wanted to stop over in Utrecht, Holland, to visit the great University, but engagements made it impossible. We sailed from the Hook of Holland at midnight. I stayed up for the sailing, as usual. A strong wind was blowing and I anticipated a rough crossing of the English Channel. I was not disappointed. It was the worst I have ever made. In fact, I heard from a ship's officer there was some talk of turning back to Holland. It was impossible to remain in your berth with any degree of comfort. The rather small ship pitched and rolled until we reached Harwich—quite late. I rather enjoyed it! We were in the storm which swept the English Channel and was one of the worst in a long time.

Soon after landing we were through customs and immigration and in a comfortable English train bound for London once again. I slept most of the way, realizing I was missing the pastoral loveliness of the English countryside. My London friends missed the train we were on because of the upset schedules, and so we went immediately to the Savoy Hotel. There we found mail and messages and soon the busy hours of London visits were upon us.

London—the greatest, most interesting, most enigmatical, most alluring, most elusive, most fascinating city in the world—was all before us for only a few days. We could spend a lifetime in London and not fathom its history and its charm. Yet from year to year I see a changing London, from my first visit in 1914. After the destruction of World War II the new buildings are disturbing the historical background of the old London. A few more years and St. Paul's Cathedral will seem to be located in a completely different area. But it is all in the name of some intangible thing called "progress"—I wonder!

It was a joy to see again our dear friends, the Reverend George Grieve, his gracious and lovely wife, Joyce, and an old friend, Mr. Maurice Pocock, who is a lecturer in economics in Ealing College. These friendships, as all true friendship, become more significant as the years pass. The Rev. Mr. Grieve, perhaps you may recall,

has preached for me in our church during the war years. He was for many years minister of the Highgate Unitarian Church, where I have often preached. Mr. Pocock drove us out to Oxford, where I preached on Sunday morning in Manchester College, and renewed my friendship with the Principal, Dr. Sidney Spencer and his wife. One of the great Sunday mornings of my summer is the inspiration of standing in the pulpit of Manchester College. The enduring personalities who have stood there seem always present. It makes me feel most humble and inadequate. This year Principal Spencer overwhelmed me by giving me the great Dr. James Martineau's robe to wear in the pulpit. Dr. Martineau is one of the greatest of all the theologians and philosophers. I felt unworthy in every particular to wear such a great man's gown. I think my feeling about it had a direct influence on my sermon, for I was quite dissatisfied with my effort.

I dined with the Principal and Mrs. Spencer after the service, in the delightful, picturesque and historical home adjacent to the college. My annual visit with them is something I look forward to with pleasant anticipation. Mr. Spencer is retiring from Manchester College this year, and will probably be located in our church in the ancient city of Bath. If this happens I hope to visit them in Bath, for it is a city I have often wanted to see. The blessings of many old Manchester students and hosts of friends wish them well. Mr. Spencer is the author of that remarkable book, "The Deep Things of God," to which I often refer and which is now available in this country.

Dr. Donald remained in London the Sunday I preached in Oxford, attending services in the morning at which Dr. Donald Soper was the preacher, and in the evening he attended the great service in Central Hall, Westminster. He left the next day, flying to Lourdes. He is deeply interested in psychiatry and religion and wanted to make a personal study of the healing activities at the world famous Lourdes in France. I haven't seen him since he flew back to America but I know he is planning a lecture on his experience at Lourdes. I hope to have him deliver it in our church this winter. Religion and healing are uppermost in the minds of people today. The healing campaigns being held in colossal tents, auditoriums and churches, and which are attracting thousands, must not go unstudied by all who are interested in the difference between reality, emotion and theory. Christ spent a major part of his public ministry on a healing emphasis. Physicians, scientists, priests, ministers and rabbis today ought not to neglect studying the situation. We shall await with interest to hear what Dr. Donald has to say.

We drove back to London Sunday afternoon after preaching in the morning at the College. Every mile of the way was a delight, in spite of the traffic, the like of which I have never known in America. Mr. Pocock and the Grieves are so familiar with Oxford and the trip to London that I was able to have pointed out to me many interesting things which I might have missed. I have driven many times, but there is always something new on a drive where everything is old. We arrived in London just in time for my evening preaching engagement in the Golder's Green Unitarian Church: —a beautiful church, experiencing a great awakening under the wise and spiritual leadership of the Reverend K. C. Treacher. It was a hot July

evening in London, yet the church was well filled. In England the evening services all begin at 6:30. Dinner is after Church. When the service is over it is still full daylight. This time fits perfectly into the English Sunday customs.

I always enjoy preaching in the worship sanctuary of Golder's Green. The Reverend Treacher is one of the finest ritualists I have ever met. His impressive readings, eloquent and quiet prayers, his whole pulpit manner, create a worshipful atmosphere for the sermon. He is a man I should like to know better. The results of his ministry at Golder's Green and Highgate in London are being felt throughout the whole field of liberal religion in England. I have made many friends through the years in London; their kindness to me is deeply appreciated. Although we are separated most of the year, the distance only deepens the friendship and I hope to see them all again some day.

* * *

I was delighted in London to have call on me Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert, who lives in South Devon. I met him at a reception given by the English Speaking Union in Chicago last year. June and I were guests of Mrs. John Alden Carpenter at a dinner in her home, where Mr. Gilbert was a house guest. There we continued our interesting discussion on world affairs. I was happy to renew the friendship in London. He lives in an old castle where we have been invited to be his guests. I hope next summer we will be able to accept the invitation.

Mr. Gilbert spent considerable time in travelling over America—visiting many States—from coast to coast. The interchange of opinions about national and international affairs is one of the best methods of arriving at an understanding. Visiting other lands, meeting the people of different racial, cultural, religious and political backgrounds, is the most effective method in combating misunderstanding and ill will. I was gratified to find on my trip this summer that this attitude is growing everywhere. Student exchange, increased travel, international conferences of the economists, religionists, scientists and poets is doing more for understanding and peace than all the conferences of the politicians and diplomats. The basis of all world comity and unity is the recognition of the ethical, spiritual and social values which are basic to all. Travel not only broadens but it deepens. The hundreds of American young people whom I saw everywhere in Europe are the basis of understanding. May it increase from year to year. You recall the classic remark of Charles Lamb. A friend heard him say: "I don't like that person!" His friend replied, "Why, Charles Lamb, I didn't know you knew him." "I don't," said Lamb. "If I did, I could not dislike him." If only a fraction of the millions spent on the military could be available for travel, study and observation of other peoples and places, an entirely different atmosphere in which to build world peace would soon materialize.

* * *

I was most fortunate this year in being able to spend several hours in Liverpool with the fine minister of Ullet Road Unitarian Church. The Reverend E. Shirvell Price will be long remembered by many Chicagoans for his effective ministry in the First Unitarian Church, when he exchanged pulpits for three months with our own great colleague, Dr. Leslie Pennington. While his commitments, when in Chicago, prevented Mr. Price from occupying our pulpit, he was a guest

in our home. June and I had been with him at the International Congress in Oxford and a warm friendship exists between us. He has one of the finest minds in the Unitarian Church and has one of the most historic congregations in Britain. He is editor of the valuable journal "Faith and Freedom," and is responsible for the splendid articles which appear. He is a most stimulating personality, a fine preacher and great scholar. I went up to Liverpool from London on an early train in order to spend as much time with him as possible before my ship sailed for Ireland late in the evening. Mr. Price met me at the station and drove me around Liverpool, showing me the beautiful Liverpool Cathedral (still unfinished). Mother and I many years ago attended the dedication of a chapel in the Cathedral where we heard a memorable and unforgotten sermon by the famous Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. David. The Lord Bishop has since passed on and his beloved Cathedral is still in the building stage, but his sermon that day is as vivid to me as it was so long ago. Such is great preaching! Mr. Price also showed me his own beautiful and historic church. We had a most pleasant dinner together after which Mr. Price took me to the Liverpool docks and I sailed for Ireland. As I left him I thought what a great asset he would be in a liberal pulpit in America.

The Peoples Church Memorial Fund

This fund provides help for our aged and assists in all of our charitable work. It is a worthy way of making a Memorial for a departed friend or a Thank-offering for some blessing received. Send a check to The Peoples Church of Chicago for the amount usually spent in purchasing flowers, which soon perish. (Send any amount, large or small.) A card acknowledging the gift will be sent promptly to the bereaved family, and by giving to this fund you will be helping in the philanthropic work of our church.

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The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

ALL of my life and for 44 years from this pulpit I have tried to be a sounding board of the purposefulness of life. I never remember when I didn't believe it and preach it. I believe that when God created life, somewhere in the long evolutionary period of the development of life from darkness and from the sea, until it finds its climatic expression in the creative intelligence of man and man's appreciation and ability to understand the creative forces about him, I have believed that man was created for a great purpose!

I never believed it more than I believe it now—that every life was designed for something fine and something high and something noble; that every life has within it a divinity which is a kinship with the divinity of God; therefore, that all men are divine! I have no trouble in the arguments of divinity for one man, for I believe in the divinity of all men.

I believe that every man is important and that every life is important, and I believe that there is design and pattern for every life, and if I can find the pattern of the divine for my life nothing can possibly prevent the consummation of that pattern. Every life is undergirded with objectives! And that's the first thing I try to do with a life that comes to me in turmoil, twisted and confused and chaotic—I try to find out, deep down in the hidden unconscious reality of that mind, what is creating the spirit of defeat in that life. And if I find out the thing that is creating the spirit of defeat and remove that, then victory is the inevitable result!

That's precisely what Christ did when he touched a life. This man never came in contact with a human life in His whole pilgrimage of those slight thirty-three years of His life that He couldn't put His finger on the sore spot. He analyzed the tragedy. And when he put His finger on the sore spot of that life and that life realized the sensitivity of the finger-touch of Christ, then something happened to the life! It always happened. And something will happen to your life when you open the door to the Christ spirit!

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"YESTERDAY LOOKS AT TOMORROW"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, March 18, 1956
44th Anniversary

EVERY preacher only has one sermon! That remark may sound ridiculous to you if you look at it only superficially, but I think if you analyze it carefully you will see how true it is. Every author only has but one book; every artist only has but one picture; every sculptor has one piece of sculpture. Every life is dominated by one theme, and in the field of creative energy and creative expression everything which the creative artist does is only a variation of one theme! You listen to a piano and you may hear the weird, minor melodies and as you listen you might not know the name of the composition and you might not know the name of the composer, but you could easily identify it if you were familiar with the sonatas of Chopin. You would easily say: "There is only one composer who could write like that! That must be an unknown Chopin!"—and you would be right!

You can go to the coast of Britanny and there, in some musty, old cottage, with its thatched roof and its whitewashed walls, in an old trunk in the garret of that cottage you might find an old bit of painting and you would look at that painting and it would have the artistry and the composition, the quiet and the beauty, of Corot, and you immediately would say: "No painter, except Corot, could paint like that!"

Round about the countryside of Stratford-upon-Avon you might find in some musty old garret an old manuscript, and as you read that manuscript you might find the penetrating, soul-analysis of a Hamlet, the majesty and tragedy of a King Lear, the sympathetic, unbelievable agony of a Shylock, you might find the greatness of a Caesar, and you would say: "I have found an old manuscript! No one could write like that, except Shakespeare!" You see what I mean now?

So it is with the preacher! He may preach upon a variety of themes upon the great resourcefulness of spiritual truth, but he only has one sermon, and each sermon is the variation of that theme in his life! And as I stand in this pulpit which has commanded the best of my life, and I look back across the years—44 of them—lift them out of my life and look at them all by themselves—44 of them—I realize in the responsibility of this sermon that, after all, I have preached but one sermon! And everything which I have said from this pulpit, no matter the subject, has only been the variation of that dominating motive of 44 years of my life! And we are safe in assuming that it will continue to be until the last sermon, and there *will* be a last sermon—there *always is* a last moment! My friend, beloved for the quality of his humanness, the depth of his appreciation of the foibles of life, took a walk last evening—his last walk in his last evening—and all America is sad today because Fred Allen has left us—Fred Allen dropped dead a few hours ago! And in the midst of a life where we are so immersed in the pressure of our contemprorary affairs it is well for us—ALL of us—to stop for a moment and try to evaluate this whole business

of life! To think it over again, and to see how much of it is but sounding brass and tinking cymbals; how much of it is effervescent, transitory, unimportant, and how the pettiness of life, with its infinite tyranny of detail, robs so many of us of the richness and the beauty which is available to life!

As I look back across 44 years in this pulpit, this morning, it would be quite understandable—and, I'm quite sure you would be forgiving upon your part—if I should in these moments not bring a single new thought—for there aren't any, really—but bring out the richness and the vitality, the heartache and the tears, the disappointments and the frustrations, the heart soreness—(which has been wounded by the faithlessness and littleness of people) and cluster it all together and to see in these few moments if we can't hear, though it is an old theme, a new arrangement in the melody of life.

Forty-four years ago, when I preached my first sermon in this pulpit, William Howard Taft was President of the United States! Those first two years that I stood here were years in which no one ever doubted for one moment the permanency of the democratic processes. No one ever dreamed of a World War! We had been inspired by Herbert Spencer and certain voices of the period who spoke about progress as something that would be "inevitable", that the "responsibilities" of life would take care of that, and after only two years in this pulpit a flash of lightning lit a fire in every powder magazine of the world and our old ideas of progress and religion and philosophy and education have been in the crucible ever since!

I have never known any year except a year of conflict and a year which always, somehow, produced its agonies! In those early years science education was completely eliminating much of what religion had held sacred, particularly in its supernatural manifestations and the great modernistic movement of Christendom swept through the church everywhere and produced its great voices and its great prophets and what we were concerned about in those early years was the concern of adapting the principles and the Message of Christ into a modern, scientific atmosphere! We worked at that for a long time—and it DIDN'T work! We found out that there were materialistic forces loose in the world that operated without any respect whatever, to the beauty and the spirit and the character of Christ! But we attempted in what was a so-called "liberalism" to bring the Christ norm down to meet the standards of science and materialism—and it FAILED!

Just as I started my ministry in the effort to adapt scientific and divine truth into one fabric at the expense of divine truth, so I shall close my ministry *not* in the effort to assimilate Christ or the truth of Christianity into a materialistic, scientific age but, quite the contrary, to see that the major problem of this hour is how to bring a materialistic and scientific age into union and association with the divine! There is all the difference in the world! Now the problem is to adjust our materialistic, scientific civilization and bring that civilization into the norm of the unimpeachable, spiritual vitality of Christ and all the great spiritually minded men of the past! That means the great problems of our age and of our nation—the great problems of race relations; the great problems of poverty; the great problems of the increasing uncertainties of the aged and the difficulties of the old; the problems that involve these fragile questions in in-

ternational diplomacy—these problems fundamentally are moral problems and it is not a question of adapting the Message of Christ to these problems, it is a question of solving these problems under the dominance of Christ! It is the problem of bringing our materialistic civilization up into the area not of compromise, not of vacillation, not of apology, not even of explanation, but seeing the white, continuing brilliancy of the unimpeachable, moral sublimity of Christ, and saying to every diplomat and every professor and every scientist and every President and every individual in the world who has a responsibility of shaping policy in the solution of our problems; "Look! *There* is the answer! Bring yourselves up to *that,* and all will be well!"

It is the answer in the personal tragedies of a life; it is the answer in heartache and grief and agony; it is the answer in disappointment and disillusionment; it is the answer in despair and frustration; it is the answer in disease; it is the answer in the confusion and the hatreds of men! At an hour when there are any one of a half-dozen spots in this world today that, before midnight tonight, could burst out in uncontrollable movements, let us bring all our problems, whatever they are, up into the rarified atmosphere of the Christ spirit!

The Following New Members Were Publicly Received Into the Peoples Church On Sunday, June 3, 1956

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Carducci,
5323 N. Wayne Avenue

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feulner,
3511 N. Normandy Avenue

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Friedman,
850 Argyle Street

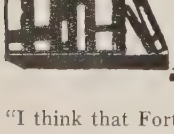
Mr. and Mrs. Max Mackei,
855 N. Drake Avenue

Mrs. Katherine Linee,
2735 N. Wilton Avenue

Mrs. Lillian Larson,
5200 Sheridan Road

Miss Helene Hallihan,
5200 Sheridan Road

Mr. Preston Bradley Lind,
Linden, Michigan



BOOK CHATS

"I think that Fortune watcheth o'er our lives
Surer than we. But well said: he who strives
Will find his gods for him equally."
—Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*

THE WONDERFUL WAY, by Frank A. Clarvoe, not only carries the above quotation on its flyleaf, but each chapter of the book is headed by a quotation. I like the idea. It arouses my interest and curiosity to find a key to the chapter at its beginning. Heading the first chapter is the following: "I know all save myself alone,"—Francois Villon.

Wilford Hollester, about whom this book is written, was a very serious young man and a very intelligent one, though because of the circumstances of his early life, he was somewhat of a snob. His widowed mother, through her

love for the boy and her anxiety for him, had endeavored to give him the best possible education, at a great sacrifice to herself.

Just before his graduation he had decided to make a break with his mother, but even while he was writing the letter which would have broken her heart, a telegram was delivered to him announcing her death.

The shock of her death and later realization of all she had sacrificed for him, caused Wilford to decide to go into the ministry, in absolution for his sins of omission.

With his keen intelligence and natural studiousness he was well able to qualify himself intellectually and factually. This he did. But the keen old Donald Alshire, Bishop of Capital, was not to be deceived as to the young man's needs and he proceeded to test him by outlining for him a course of action which the Bishop felt was for his good. He first sent him to work in a lumber camp that summer.

As a heading for the chapter (No. 8) where Wilford goes to the lumber camp, we read: "One can acquire everything in solitude except character."—Stendahl. Wilford began to be humanized shortly after entering the lumber camp.

From this experience he is sent as his first church assignment, to be a sort of circuit-riding minister covering four small churches within a radius of some 250 square miles.

The story of Wilford Hollester's adjustment, his emotional and spiritual maturing—one might almost say awakening,—is intensely interesting. But young ministers are not the only ones who need this humanizing process. It should come to every one of us along the way of life—and the earlier we achieve this human understanding and a love for people, the happier and lovelier will our lives become. It is sometimes a long road to becoming an outgoing person.

When I had finished the book, because of the sympathy it aroused in me for Wilford Hollester, with his inadequate upbringing, I felt it left me with a greater sympathy toward all mankind—especially those I could not understand. Who was it once said "To know all is to forgive all." Could we but see behind the doorway that leads down the road of each person's life, how much easier it would be to understand and get along with and be more helpful to that person.

Wilford came face to face with all the deep problems of life that touch humanity—was supposed to be equipped with the stamina and experience which would enable him to meet them for himself and others adequately—yet he was wholly unequipped except by his own desire to know what to do. He became equipped through suffering and love. Through the entire book he was struggling to find out "Why" he wanted to be a minister.

Any church member will certainly be better equipped to help any young minister who comes into their midst from having read this novel.

I sometimes felt the characterizations were a little inadequate—that I had to fill in the picture of some of the characters myself—but maybe Mr. Clarvoe intended it that way. I always seemed to manage it. And it did not cause my interest to lessen.

The author, Frank A. Clarvoe, is a veteran newspaper editor, intimately associated with the printed word since World War I. He has been Northwestern Manager of United Press; managing Editor and for twelve years Editor-in-Chief of the San Francisco *News;* and West Coast editorial representative for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. In 1954 he and his wife

started out on a trailer-trip around the country and fourteen thousand miles later Mr. Clarvoe had completed *The Wonderful Way*. He is now at home in Santa Barbara and working on his second novel and acting as associate editor of *The News-Press*.

The other day I strolled into Kroch's Brentano's Signet Key Book section and to my surprise and delight came face to face with a recently published book by T. V. Smith—"Live Without Fear." I didn't think I had quite as many fears as some people I knew, but a book by T. V. Smith was an event not to be overlooked. And to find his writings in a 35c Signet Book was what one might call "a double feature."

Signet is greatly to be congratulated and vociferously to be thanked, as is T. V. Smith, for making it so easy for so many to become acquainted, if they are not already so, with this book and its author;—to be put in touch through this book with a unique volume which brings together the priceless wisdom of such brilliant and courageous minds as Socrates, Freud, Spinoza, Santayana and Winston Churchill, as well as the wit, the wisdom and the beautiful writing of T. V. Smith himself.

A philosopher, poet, former member of the House of Representatives, and now Professor of Citizenship and Civilization at the Maxwell graduate School of Syracuse University, T. V. Smith has written what the publishers call "a sensible approach to facing life squarely."

I happened to open the book at Chapter 5, "Getting Married and Staying That Way." This chapter is indeed unique. Never have I seen the subject treated so adequately, incisively, magnificently! No one has ever treated it so thoroughly, nor so beautifully, I feel quite sure. Mr. Smith is not only adequate but thorough in whatever subject he discusses. When he finishes there simply is nothing more to be said. He has covered it all, and so enjoyably withal. I had much work to do on the evening that I opened the book at Chapter 5. However, the work had to wait until I had completely and slowly devoured and digested Chapter 5.

It is in that spirit and mood I shall thoroughly read this book, "Live Without Fear." I suspect I shall never finish reading it. It will be a constant source of delight. It is worth studying. It can guide a life and alter the set of the sails of your craft. It has treasured quotations from literary minds of the ages and of modern days. The advice on such matters as "Self-Containment" alone is worth the price of a de luxe edition. Don't miss this "find."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

MONDAY morning, September 10th, I was standing near my bedroom window as I brushed my hair, before going to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. The venetian blinds were partly opened,

tilted downward toward our back yard. A splash of beautiful color caught my eye, and I lifted one slat of the blind so as to gain a wider opening for a better view. "Oh, I thought, I must have a real good look at that beauty," and as soon as I was dressed I went out on our back porch to behold the varied colors in a long line of flowers all down the side of the yard. There was purple, lavender, coral pink, white, as I glanced all down the line of lovely, tall asters—or were they painted daisies? All around three sides of the yard, as an inner border was a fluffy "feather boa" of sweet alyssum. The green stalks of the gladioli which had now ceased to bloom remained as a solid green background for all this riot of fall coloring. The flowers looked so brave and bright and courageous on this unusually cool September morning. The weather seemed much more like October than some Septembers I remember. It was as though the flowers were doing their best, even though they knew their time was short, to bring brightness and the hopefulness of the summer of life into the world:—one last burst of joy and beauty before the final curtain.

I felt very grateful to the Sylvesters, our neighbors who live on the first floor under our apartment, for it was they who had planted this garden, as they have done for several years, taking entire responsibility for planning, and caring for the flowers. There are six apartments in our building, so many of us reap the joy of this harvest of beauty, and I felt very grateful for having my share of it. But the harvest didn't stop there, but went far beyond. Next door a very fine Japanese family have a burst of bloom down the side of their rear yard, adjoining ours—a profusion of zinnias in rich fall shades. A dozen families and more around the neighborhood receive the benefit, for the back yards from the block north of us adjoin our back yards, with no alley between. Hence it is doubly appreciated when adjoining back yards are equally attractive. A vacant lot directly back of us has been changed from patches of sand here and there, interspersed with weeds, to a neat green-carpeted yard, well cared for by another Japanese family who moved in about a year or so ago.

As I continued to look at these bright, brave asters I seemed to picture people I knew who emulated their bravery and brightness. My own Aunt Harriette was one. Though she might be going only as far as the grocery store around the corner, she always looked her best, wore something bright and cheerful and—oh, yes, she always used a dash of perfume, for she loved it. She always felt sorry for any elderly person she saw who looked untidy and frowzy and who apparently had no one to care how they looked. She couldn't understand how a person could prefer dull, dark or colorless clothing. She was a creature of brightness.

I knew a man who has long been gone who was considered by everyone in the family to be what we now commonly call "a crab." He wasn't, really. He could be as jolly as the next one. But as the years wore on he more and more assumed a taciturn air and the atmosphere about him would often be very dull and blue indeed.

Why should anyone feel he has the right to tinge the air around him with a dull gray fog? We admit he had no choice about coming on earth. He was brought here without being questioned about his wishes. And had he been asked, he couldn't have told whether he wished to come or not, never having before seen the world and not knowing what it would be like. But we are all

victims of this same circumstance. We were put here. Did you ever stop to think how lucky we are? To have this experience of consciousness? To have this vast opportunity which may unfold in any direction, according to the various decisions that we ourselves make? We have the opportunity to experience the various emotions that flesh and spirit are heir to. Without pain would we know ease? Without sorrow would we experience joy to its fullest? Without a struggle would we appreciate the satisfaction of achievement? We are granted this opportunity to see and to feel life itself in all its many forms—in nature, in the animal world and in the world of man.

All of us being creatures of the same chance that brings us here, can we not be "good sports" about it, accept our common lot, and at least make the spot we occupy and the air around us as little offensive as possible? That is taking the lowest view of it of course. Why not keep that spot bright which we occupy? Why not make it so attractive that other souls who like brightness will gather round? We have this golden opportunity of life! Let's make the very best of it! Which reminds me of a little verse I was once impelled to write:

Let Me Keep Bright

(Edwin B. Frost tells us that we are a sample of the great Universe and our bodies are made of some of the same substance found in the sun and the other stars.)

If ever my thoughts become moody and low—
And my step a bit sluggish and slow;
If my spirit is sunk in the mire of despair—
(I admit that these moments are rare)—
It is then I remember from what I am made;
Of the substance of stars it is said.

Now the stars seem forever to sparkle and shine,
And never, no never to fret or repine;
Sometimes I think they instinctively know
They are put up on high just to glow.
So they twinkle and kindle and send out a smile,
Those weird mortals on earth to beguile.

And now that I know I am kin of the stars,
Of Jupiter, Neptune, Venus and Mars;
Whether great light or small—yellow, green light or red,
The light shall be bright that I shed.
For thus I shall *prove* I am kin of the stars—
Of Jupiter, Neptune, Venus and Mars.

—Ethel Wells Smalley

In the August Book Chats we reviewed Childcraft and suggested that our readers stop in at Kroch's-Brentano's or some other book store and look over the 15 beautiful volumes. On August 24th we received a letter about the review and correcting us on that latter suggestion. We publish the letter here for your information:

Dear Miss Smalley:

The review of CHILDCRAFT in the Liberalist was wonderful. We thank you very, very much.

Mr. William Hayes, our Vice-President, asked me to contact you for permission for us to make reprints of the review. We would also like to delete the paragraph on page 17 of the Liberalist, which tells where CHILDCRAFT may be viewed as it is available to parents only through the representatives It is not found in bookstores.

Let me know of Dr. Bradley's decision whenever it is convenient for you.

Cordially,
Jane Crawford.

Mrs. Crawford is a Representative of Childcraft, which is published by Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division, and I appreciate her letter and her correction of my mistake.

And now for the loveliest surprise! Field Enterprises, Inc., has presented to Dr. Bradley, for the Church School of The Peoples Church, a set of this exquisite publication—15 Volumes—

for the use, enjoyment and education of our Sunday School young people.

Jane Crawford and I belong to the same Chapter in Dale Carnegie Club International and I am grateful to her as well as to Field Enterprises, Inc., for bringing this beautiful and educational gift to our Church School. I know it will serve a very fine purpose in the life of our church children for many years to come. And I am sure our Girl Scouts will get their share of inspiration and pleasure from it also.

* * *

Those who enjoy the delight of reading Herb Graffis' column on the editorial page of the Sun-Times will have another happy experience in reading the following letter from him, written to Dr. Bradley at Tower, Minnesota:
Dear Preston:

Let me add my cheers and send up my rockets celebrating your birthday.

I've been tipped off that Saturday is your birthday by a note from Mr. and Mrs. Carl Storbeck. I don't know the Storbecks but they must be wonderful people and they have responded to the gentle and warming influence of Bradley by reading my column, which of course will offset part of the uplifting influence of Preston Bradley—but truth is mighty and will prevail so the decision goes to Bradley in extra innings.

Many, many happy returns, Preston. You've done a whole lot to bring happiness to this town. You brought happiness again when I learned you weren't on one of the ships that crashed.

As I get older and have a chance to make up the box scores, I must in all honesty and, of course, decency congratulate you on one of the great achievements of the cloth. That's the marvelous trait of being friendly and close to people without sacrificing one bit of the religious power, respect and mystery that to me, at least, a clergyman must have.

The best to you and yours, always.

Sincerely yours,
Herb Graffis.

* * *

Dr. Bradley has quite a collection of "walking sticks," and some time ago George Murray of the Chicago American had written very interestingly on this subject. Dr. Bradley dropped him a note and I have just pulled out a reply to it which somehow had become entangled in the bottom of the mail bag and been overlooked by me. Newspapers and radio stations and such like being a bit jealous of each other, it is well that we publish the above letter and this one in the same issue of The Liberalist:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

I've been meaning for two months to reply to your nice note anent my walking stick column. Like most newspapermen, I'm pretty dilatory about writing letters.

Thanks for your kind words about the column. I hope my daily pieces continue to please you.

Some time ago an old, respected and very dear friend of mine asked me for your address and I just remembered I forgot to send it to him. I shall do so forthwith. He is Dr. Francis E. Townsend, founder of the old-age insurance Townsend Plan, now in his 90th year.

I hope the Doctor will write you and that you may meet him sometime when he is in Chicago. He's pretty single-minded about his Townsend Plan—understandably—but for all that he's a man rich in wide experience. He's a delightful companion and a pretty salty character. I think you'd like him. Probably I've indicated here

that he's one of my very favorite people and that I think there aren't enough like him in this old world of ours.

I shall write him and tell him what a nice person you are.

Sincerely,
George Murray.

Dr. Bradley has long known Dr. Townsend and was happy to have word of him through Mr. Murray.

* * *

Our readers will be interested we know in the letter which we now take from the Mail Bag, since Dr. John W. Holland and his unique "Little Brown Church" of the Air are so well known and loved by so many. Only last July Dr. Holland lost his companion of the years, but he carries on valiantly and sends out his messages of cheer and hope from WLS, the Prairie Farmer Station, with his accustomed constancy:

My dear Preston:

I shall keep among my treasures the card of understanding fellowship which you sent to Beulah and me from Europe.

You know that such losses leave a big hole in a man, though Father Time and Father God together teach us lessons we cannot learn any other way.

I was reading last night of General Jan Smuts:—"As one advances in years, life becomes more of a memory —and the Great Hope."

I shall be up to see you some Sunday evening after your return from vacation. In the meantime, get a great rest up there.

Sincerely yours, in the Faith,
John W. Holland.

★ ★ ★

Don Ruden is a very enthusiastic member of the Channing Club, which is an organization of our young adults. What the group lacks in size it certainly makes up for in sustained interest, as the following letter from Don will show:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This will be my first attempt to write something about our Channing Club which will be of general interest to the church members.

Though the church has been closed for the summer, the Channing Club has continued to have meetings, and with attendance usually as large as during the church season.

This summer we have attended services as a group at the Bahai Temple and at the Country Church of the City.

We had a beach party, meeting first at Mary McCoy's new apartment, then spending the afternoon at the beach.

In addition we had a meeting and party at the home of George Jensen, which was well attended.

During the summer the club has been publishing its own newspaper, which we call "The Channing News Letter." In its pages are found ideas of the group for future activities, news about our members, whether they are here with us or have moved to other cities. I will send this newspaper to any who ask for it, who would like to know about our activities, or who have been friends of the Channing Club.

Many of our group sing in the Choir and we really appreciate all the Bennetts are doing for the Choir as a whole and for our members who belong to it. We appreciate very much the two lovely parties at the Bennett's home this summer and the trip offered us to their summer home near Grand Rapids over Labor Day weekend. The Bennetts have won the hearts of us all.

Sincerely,
Don Ruden,
Secretary of the Channing Club.

Don Ruden's fine report on the Channing Club should win the hearts

of many members to their support. Mailing lists cost money and I feel sure any support our church members would give to this fine young group would be well worth while. Our church members could help to spread the news among the young adults of their acquaintance and in their own families about this bright young group, and thus help to add to its membership list.

I, too, had the pleasure of being included in the Choir party at the home of the Bennetts. It was on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary. I can add my words to Don's that it was a lovely affair, in a home that breathes the atmosphere of a real home, with a beautiful studio in its large lower floor. On this particularly happy day, the weather which had threatened earlier cleared up late in the afternoon, so that refreshments were served on the spacious lawn, with its attractive decorations of lanterns and yard parasols. Of course there was a delightful musical program later on, and the fact that this 25th Anniversary was a double anniversary for Mr. Bennett (whose birthday falls on the same day) made it a very happy celebration indeed. Not only was there a many-tiered wedding cake, but all to itself on a special corner of the table was a birthday cake as well.

The Bennetts have done much to endear themselves to every organization of the church by their spendid co-operation with all the groups and we look forward to another happy year under their musical ministrations.

* * *

A member of the Sunday Arts Club sent the following article to Dr. Bradley, which she entitles "Work and Pray." She appended this explanation of it: "Like most high school youngsters, my son thinks a good deal about the atom bomb. Recently when he asked me what the possibilities for our world might be, this is in substance what I told him, and I hoped there might be encouragement in it for people of various age groups:"

"We need not fear the atom bomb, though it is fearsome. We need not cringe in terror awaiting another war, devastating as it would surely be. We need not relinquish the possibility of peace, elusive though it seems.

"A greater power than atom bombs or evil dictators or insidious philosophies still controls the Universe. It is God. An all-powerful, ever-loving God whose mighty creation of the sun, moon and stars, the Scriptures tell us, was merely 'fingerwork.'

"Our communication with him is through prayer. And prayer is not in vain. Again and again the Scriptures tell us God heeds prayer, and that its effect is cumulative. No matter where you are or who you are, you can have a part in constructive prayer. You can pray on a crowded subway or at your plow; you can pray in your kitchen; you can pray in an airplane or on the high seas.

"The important thing is that you pray beyond your personal needs and problems. Pray for the preservation of democracy. Pray for a worldwide understanding between peoples. Pray for widespread tolerance and elimination of prejudice. Pray that our Government officials will be given wisdom from above in grappling with today's problems.

"Then we must add another effort to prayer: work. Whatever each of us can do to help bring about our goals, that we must be willing to do, despite the time and strength involved.

"With an aroused, constructively-active, praying citizenry, do you think any force, however evil, can annihilate us? I don't."

Marilyn Parks Davis.

Yes, "Prayer without works is

dead," and Mrs. Davis was so wise in bringing the thought to her boy that we must work for what we pray for.

* * *

On stationery of the Congress of the United States came this note from Congressman Charles A. Boyle, member from the 12th District of Illinois:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Let me add my two cents worth of congratulations on the occasion which salutes the 33rd year of your brilliant radio programs. As the Congressman from the District where your Church is located, it is a real pleasure to extend you warm wishes and congratulations.

Sincerely,
Charles A. Boyle,
Member of Congress.

* * *

Word came up from Goshen, Indiana, in response to Dr. Bradley's reference to the interruptions of the telephone in his sermon on "Overcoming Life's Tensions," as follows:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Bravo! Even though I am supposed to encourage the sale of extension telephones, I say again, Bravo!

Here's one telephone employe more interested in tranquility than the so-called convenience and projection of the bedroom telephone extension.

May God give you health and power to continue your devoted guidance.

Yours truly,
Everett Roberts.

* * *

From DesPlaines came this grateful note:
Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your sermon on last Sunday was indeed an inspirational and moving one—your deep concern for the individual and his part in God's plans shone through as always in great measure.

Thank you not only for that sermon but the many I have been privileged to hear on my radio when I was unable to attend my own church.

The world needs men like you for, more than it can be realized, your work is a blessing to all.

Thanking you for the inspiration of your words,

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Ray Anderson.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As always, I enjoyed your service this morning and I was particularly impressed by your saying "You can't rest on your laurels." In thinking about it I recalled a motto which has always been an inspiration to me in my work. I'm passing it on to you because I know you will like it: "Reputation is never completely earned. It is a continuing responsibility."

Kindest wishes to you for a year of happiness in your endeavor to help people live courageously.

Sylvia Gerberich.

* * *

Dear Pastor Bradley:

I have talked with a number of people concerning your address at the church. The concensus of opinion is that it was the best address of the season. It was a most enjoyable occasion and you seemed to enjoy it too.

Let me also express to you my own appreciation. I know how much strength such an occasion demands and therefore appreciate your generous sharing of body and mind and soul. May God continue to bless you.

Cordially yours,
Ellsworth L. Richardson, Minister,
The Congregational Church of
Rogers Park.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM—
ALL—YEAR

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Opening Sunday, September 16 ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service (from November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, October 8, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, Motion Pictures and Travel Department. Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh will show Colored Slides of some of her travels. Guests, 35c ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, October 22, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church, Legislature Department, Mrs. Walter Hagen, Chairman. Guests, 35c ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Sunday, November 4, Sunday Afternoon Tea. By courtesy of the Belmont National Bank, colored movies: "Wings Over Bermuda," and "Wings Over My Island," (Japan, giving scenes and customs of the country). Refreshments. Open to the public. No admission charge ..... 4:00 p.m.
Sunday, November 11, Donation Tea, Anderson Hall, "My Trip to Pakistan and India," with colored slides, by Eleanor M. Burgess. Refreshments. Open to the public. No admission ..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, October 23, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church. Ladies' night. Dr. Homer Jack, Minister of the First Unitarian Church of Evanston, Author, Traveler; "The Life of Ghandi," with Documentary Film on Ghandi. Guest fee, 50c. Refreshments ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*
Channing Club for young adults. Announcements in church bulletins.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

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